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Ex-Smoker

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William Ford

EX-SMOKER

Tobacco lives forever
In the brain, its slow coal
Smiling though seven years pass
Without so much as a whiff
And the body's whole again
According to the doctor.

If I could I'd repair my old pipe
And fill it slowly as before
With strands of golden Virginia
Loose, Indian style at the base
Then gradually thickening
Until almost solid at the top
Like a domed Amish haystack
Around which lovers walk.
Then one match to warm the surface
And one more to set it off.

The leaf's a gift, with good coffee,
So say Dutch Reformed divines,
Given after the original creation
When Adam asked for Eve
Thinking Lilith but a bad dream.
Then God knew as God knows
How much we'd all need help,
As in this sweet and curling smoke,
To lift our thoughts to heaven.